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LIFE

JOSEPH HALL, D.D.

BISHOP OF NORWICH.

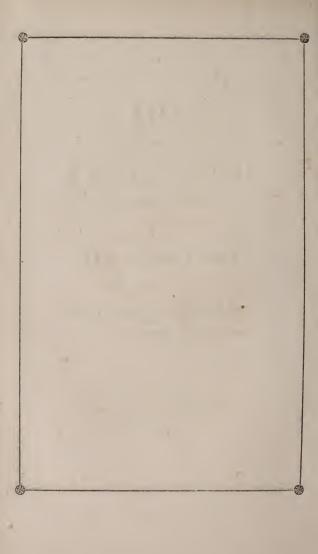
JAMES HAMILTON, M.B.S.

Toutes choses sont des voiles qui couvrent Dien. Les Chrétier doivent le reconnoître en tout.—Pascal.

Cum Des de Des vixit.-Augustiaus.

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1847.



LIFE

OF

BISHOP HALL.

TO THE

REV. JAMES HAMILTON, B.A.

of st. John's college, oxford;

ministering in that establishment

WHICH HALL ADORNED,

AND NEAR THE SCENES

WHICH HIS PRESENCE CONSECRATED,

THESE PAGES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THE following Memoir was originally prepared as a biographical preface to a new edition of Bishop Hall's Contemplations. At the request of the Publisher, it now makes its appearance separately, and with some alterations which a revision could not fail to suggest.

In a posthumous volume, entitled

"The Shaking of the Olive Tree," were inserted two autobiographical fragments,-the one, "Observations of some Specialties of Divine Providence in the Life of Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich;" the other, "Hard Measure," setting forth the sufferings of his later years. From these the principal facts of his history have been derived; but his miscellaneous works, especially his devotional writings, abound in materials illustrative of his character; and much information may be gathered from the incidental notices of his voluminous contemporaries. Of these sources, so far as they were known or accessible, the author has

availed himself; but in a tract of such humble pretensions, did not think it requisite to authenticate every statement by elaborate references.

It is only justice to this good prelate, and may be for our own advantage, to remember the motive which induced him to leave on record the chief events of his history: "Not out of a vain affectation of my own glory, which I know how little it can avail me when I am gone hence, but out of a sincere desire to give glory to my God, whose wonderful providence I have noted in all my ways, have I recorded some remarkable passages of my fore-past life. What I have done is worthy of nothing but silence and forgetfulness; but what God hath done for me is worthy of everlasting and thankful memory."

Edinburgh, August 1888.

LIFE

OF

BISHOP HALL.

JOSEPH HALL was born July 1st, 1574, at Bristow Park, in the parish of Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire. His parentage was "honest and well-allowed." His father held an office under the Earl of Huntingdon, which enabled him to procure a good education for his twelve children, and warranted his ambition that one of them should enter the ministry, at a time

when a University was not the only avenue to the Church. But the instructions and impressions which Joseph received from his mother were a better qualification than the lessons of all his teachers: and the consciousness of their value in after days invested the memory of the gentle giver with an affection doubly filial. Winifred Bambridge was the Monica of Bishop Hall. A body always feeble. and often anguish-stricken, was the appropriate tenement of a spirit sorrowful and deeply exercised, if it did not even re-act in a morbid influence on her mind. But happily the clouds which at one time shaded the piety of this excellent woman, did not render it forbidding to the more genial temper of her son. He rejoiced in the light,

when others would have complained of the halo, nor refused to be conducted to the kingdom by a guide whose countenance was sometimes sad. And he at last had the satisfaction of seeing her set free from these vexing thoughts, and deriving the joy of a religion of hope. "What with these trials, so had she profited in the school of Christ, that it was hard for any friend to come from her discourse no whit holier. How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth! What day did she pass without a large task of private devotion, whence she would still come forth with a countenance of undissembled mortification! Never any lips have

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read to me such feeling lectures of piety; neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them than her own. Temptations, desertions, and spiritual comforts were her usual theme; shortly, for I can hardly take off my pen from so exemplary a subject, her life and death were saintlike."

It was at the public school of his native village that he received the elements of his education. After spending "some years, not altogether indiligently, under the ferule of such masters as the place afforded, and attaining some competent ripeness for the University," as he was now fifteen years of age, it became a subject of much deliberation to his father, and anxious

interest to himself, where he should next be sent. His father's fortune. not so large as his family, rendered the University almost unattainable: and Joseph's schoolmaster, in his zeal for so meritorious a pupil, had privately negotiated with Mr. Pelset, a clerical friend, famed for his talents and the eloquence with which he displayed them, to receive him into his house as his scholar; - Mr. Pelset undertaking "within one seven years, to send him forth, no less furnished with arts, languages, and grounds of theoretical divinity, than the carefullest tutor in the strictest college of either University." The scheme, when unfolded to his father, so completely adapted itself to his circumstances and desires, that he speedily took the re-

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quisite steps for securing its advantages. "There, and now were all my hopes of my future life upon blasting. The indentures were preparing, the time was set, my suits were addressed for the journey. What was the issue? O God! thy providence made and found it. Thou knowest how heartily and sincerely, in those my young years, I did cast myself upon thy hands: with what faithful resolution I did in this particular occasion resign myself over to thy disposition, earnestly begging of thee in my fervent prayers, to order all things to the best; and confidently waiting upon thy will for the event. Certainly, never did I in all my life more clearly roll myself upon the Divine Providence, than I did in this business: and it succeeded accordingly "

While these measures were in progress, his elder brother had occasion to visit Cambridge, and was kindly entertained by his townsman Nathaniel Gilby, a Fellow of Emanuel College. The majestic structures, the learned leisure, and the old renown of Cambridge, won his brother "to a great love and reverence of an academical life," and powerfully enforced Mr. Gilby's earnest persuasions by all means to send his younger brother thither. Under these influences he returned to Ashby, and with Mr. Gilby's message reported in the most glowing terms his own impressions. On his knees he begged that his father would not drown the expectations of the youthful aspirant "in a shallow country channel;" and con-

cluded by beseeching him, if the cost were the hindrance, to sell part of the land which should otherwise he his own inheritance. An appeal thus urged could not be resisted, and with an honest enthusiasm the governor of Ashby exclaimed, "Cost what it will, to the University he shall go." The decision was opportunely made, for instantly a knock at the door announced a messenger from Mr. Pelset, to tell that he was waiting for his pupil, and would expect him on the morrow. Mr. Hall told the servant that he was some minutes too late, and informing him of his change of purpose, dismissed him with a courteous message to his master, whilst Joseph welcomed the change in his destination with tears of joy.

He had spent only two years in Emanuel College, when his father, "whose not very large cistern was to feed many pipes besides his," was prevailed on to recall him, that he might become the master of that school where he had shortly before been scholar. His extreme disappointment at this premature interruption of his studies was so evident as to move the pity of an uncle, by whose generosity he was enabled to resume his place at college, where he soon after obtained a scholarship. But, though other four years terminated his right to this maintenance, they had not abated his literary enthusiasm, and had only exalted into passion his love for the haunts of learning. There was only one capacity in which he could pro

long his residence, and from that he was precluded by the statutes. These allowed of only a single fellow from any shire, and the Leicestershire fellowship was preoccupied by his townsman and tutor Mr. Gilby. Here, not for the first time, he experienced the blessing of a faithful friend. For in conversation with the Earl of Huntingdon, his class-fellow Mr. Cholmley so represented his worth and accomplishments, as to engage in his behalf the warm interest of his father's patron. The Earl was much concerned to hear that his hopes of a fellowship were forestalled; but on learning the reason. resolved on a remedy. He sent for Mr. Gilby, and offered to appoint him his chaplain, on terms which gained his ready assent. Mr. Gilby tendered

his resignation at Cambridge: it was accepted, and three days of public competition for the vacant fellowship were named. The examination proceeded, and at the close of the second day word arrived that the Earl of Huntingdon was dead. Joseph Hallinstantly repaired to the Master of the College, and entreated him, in regard for his friend now thrown destitute, to stay the election. He represented that his own youth less required the situation, and held out better prospects of provision in other ways. But he was told, that the place having been declared vacant, the election must proceed, and that his tutor " must wait upon the providence of God for his disposing elsewhere." "Then was I with a cheerful unanimity chosen into that

society, which if it had any equals, I dare say had none beyond it, for good order, studious carriage, strict government, austere piety; in which I spent six or seven years more, with such contentment as the rest of my life hath in vain striven to yield. Now was I called to public disputations often, with no ill success; for never durst I appear in any of those exercises of scholarship, till I had from my knees looked up to heaven for a blessing, and renewed my actual dependence upon that divine hand. In this while, two years together I was chosen to the rhetoric lecture in the public schools, when I was encouraged with a sufficient frequence of auditors; but finding that well-applauded work somewhat out of my way, not without a secret blame of

myself for so much excursion, I fairly gave up that task in the midst of those poor acclamations to a worthy successor, Dr. Dod, and betook myself to those serious studies, which might fit me for the high calling whereunto I was destined, wherein, after I had carefully bestowed myself for a time, I took the boldness to enter into sacred orders: the honour whereof having once attained, I was no niggard of that talent which God had entrusted to me, preaching often, as occasion was offered, both in country villages abroad, and at home in the most awful auditory of the University "

In the disputations which had long been the prominent business of academic life, Mr. Hall first acquired renown by his ingenious defence of the paradoxical thesis. Mundus senescit: though, in the quaint language of Fuller, "his position in somewhat confuted his position; the wit and quickness whereof did argue an increase rather than a decay of parts in this latter age." But whilst these disputations and the rhetoric lecture afforded our scholar a dignified employment. they were not the only avocation of this tranquil period. Mr. Hall then first adventured in the field of authorship; but either from deference to an ecclesiastical censure strangely passed upon it, or because he had afterwards learned so completely to count all things but loss for Christ, we do not

England's Worthies. Leicestershire.

find him making any subsequent reference to a publication which has procured him applause among many who are ignorant of his nobler works.* It was in his 23d year that he gave to the world his Satires, and introduced a species of composition new to British literature. The circumstance of his being the first English satirist would entitle the Virgidemium to a place of importance in the history of our national poetry; but the united suffrages of skilful critics—with one

Warton observes, not with his usual judgment, that "the poet is better known than the prelate or the polemic." So far is this from being the case, that of many thousands who have read Bishop Hall's Meditations and Sermons with pleasure and advantage, few have ever heard that he was a poet, and still fewer that his poems were once proscribed by authority, as unfit to be circulated or read.—Chalmer's Biog. Dict. Art. Hall.

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formidable exception, and personal animosity made Milton here an incompetent judge - have awarded it other claims. Its greatest fault is obscurity -an obscurity which the learned notes of Warton and Singer have only partially dispelled - the more provoking as having been purposely assumed by one of the most perspicuous of writers, and not unjustly punished by the comparative neglect to which it has consigned the production. It was Hall's very natural mistake, with no models but the ancient satirists, to consider their style of intricacy and innuendoes essential; and so completely was he possessed by this misconception, that he thinks it incumbent to apologize for the excessive perspicuity of his verses. But more than the meaning

is enigmatical. By clothing the elliptical sententiousness of Persius in the antiquated phraseology of Chaucer, he has locked his sense in a double cipher. In one respect he improved upon his patterns, as his successors have degenerated from him - in the freedom from offensive personalities which distinguishes his Satires - the "biting" and the "toothless" alike. With a self-denial, wise though rare. it was his determination " to mar his own verse rather than another's name." The faithful delineation of manners gives us an acquaintance with the times beyond the reach, though not beyond the province of history,whilst the couplets are not loaded with inglorious names, which nothing but such distinction could have saved

from forgetfulness. Widely severed as were the peculiarities of Pope-perspicuous, modernized, and personalwe do not wonder that these Satires should have been the subjects of his minute and frequent study when he at last discovered them, and that he should have expressed regret that "he had not seen them sooner." "Whether we consider the age of the man or of the world, they appear to be equally wonderful," is the verdict of an accomplished reviewer.* Nor can we withhold the more specific and discriminating sentence of one, whose large acquaintance with the imagery and diction of his father-poets has made him the too fastidious critic of his own. "In his Satires," says Mr. Camp-

^{*} Edinburgh Review, vol. xxxi. p. 481.

bell, "he discovered not only the early vigour of his own genius, but the powers and pliability of his native tongue. * * * In the point, and volubility, and vigour of Hall's numbers, we might frequently imagine ourselves perusing Dryden. This may be exemplified in the harmony and picturesqueness of the following description of a magnificent rural mansion, which the traveller approaches in the hopes of reaching the seat of ancient hospitality, but finds it deserted by its selfish owner:—

Beat the broad gates; a goodly hollow sound, With double echoes, doth again rebound! But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee, Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see, All dumb and silent, like the dead of night. Or dwelling of some sleeping Sybarite; The marble pavement hid with desert weed, With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed.

Look to the tow'red chimnies, which should be The wind-pipes of good hospitality, Through which it breatheth to the open air, Betokening life and liberal welfare; Lo, there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest. And fills the tunnel with her circled nest.

" His Satires are neither cramped by personal hostility, nor spun out to vague declamations on vice, but give us the form and pressure of the times. exhibited in the faults of coeval literature, and in the foppery or sordid traits of prevailing manners. The age was undoubtedly fertile in eccentricity. * * * From the literature of the age, Hall proceeds to its manners and prejudices, and among the latter derides the prevalent confidence in alchymy and astrology. To us this ridicule appears an ordinary effort of reason: but it was in him a common sense above the level of the times."*

Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets, vol. ii. pp. 257-9.

To do justice to "the vigorous and musical couplets of this old poet," we must extract the opening passage of the 3d book, which our readers may like none the worse for its entire freedom from obscurity. No classical description of the golden age can surpass the playful ingenuity of the following:—

Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold, When world and time were young that now are old, (When quiet Saturn sway'd the mace of lead, And pride was yet unborn and yet unbred.) Time was, that while the autumn fall did last, Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast. Could no unhusked acorn leave the tree, But there was challenge made whose it might be. But if some nice and licorous appetite Desir'd more dainty dish of rare delight, They scal'd the stored crab with bended knee, Till they had sated their delicious eye: Or search'd the hopeful thicks of hedgy rows, For briery berries, or haws, or sourer sloes: Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all, They lick'd oak leaves besprent with honey-fall. As for the thrice three-angled beech nut-shell Or chesnut's armed husk and hid kernell. No squire durst touch, the law would not afford, Kept for the court, and for the king's own board

These Satires, though the principal,

were not the only poetical effusions of our author. During his college days he complied with a prevailing taste, and composed a multitude of occasional poems, threnodies and gratulatory odes. From one of the earliest we transcribe a few stanzas, whose euphonic pomp and well-adjusted epithets may help to reconcile us to an imagery which the long-forgotten occasion now renders extravagant. The whole elegy on Dr. Whitaker seems to have been penned with ink from Cocytus, and is such as Chatterton, in one of his most dismal moods, would have delighted to imitate: -

Bind ye my brows with mourning eyparisse, And palish twigs of deadly poplar tree, Or if some sadder shades ye can devise, Those sadder shades veil my light-loathing eye; Induct the laurel bands I loved best, And all that maketh mirth and pleasant rest. Thou flattering sun that ledst this loathed light, Why didst thou in thy saffron robes arise? Or fold'st not up the day in dreary night. And wak'st the western world's amazed eyes? And never more rise from the ocean, To wake the morn, or chase night-shades again. Hear we no bird of day or dawning morn, To greet the sun, or glad the waking ear:

To greet the sun, or glad the wāking ear: Sing out ye screech-owls, louder than aforn, And ravens black of night, of death, of drear: And all ye barking fowls yet never seen, That fill the moonless night with hideous din.

That we may not return to this subject—in later years Hall employed his muse on a dearer but more arduous theme, a metrical translation of the Psalms. The first ten appeared with the title, "Some few of David's Psalms, metaphrased for a taste of the rest." We could have wished that his success had been more commensurate with his laudable design; but the "Metaphrase" wants the vigour, the pathos, the melody, in short the poetry of his youthful productions.

There have been those who could call forth rich music from a lyre of their own, without being able to retune the harp of David; nor can we wonder that the chords which refused the enchantments of Milton and Byron, should have been silent beneath the touch of Hall.

Having obtained orders, his own inclinations and the rules of the society to which he belonged, made him desirous of some extra-collegiate appointment. At that time a school had recently been opened at Tiverton in Devon, provided with an ample endowment, and left principally under the patronage of the Lord Chief-Justice Popham. He applied to the master of Emanuel College to recommend a governor for the new erection. Dr.

Chaderton without any hesitation nominated Mr. Hall, and immediately carried him to London, that he might introduce him to the Chief-Justice. The illustrious judge was so fascinated by the indications of genius and accomplishments which this interview revealed, that before they parted, the one had promised his influence, and the other signified his readiness to accept. On leaving his Lordship, Mr. Hall had not proceeded far when he was accosted by a messenger in the street, who put a letter into his hand. Dr. Chaderton remarking a change in the countenance of his friend as he perused his despatches, asked what the matter might be? Mr. Hall answered by handing him the letter, which contained a very pressing invitation

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from Lady Drury to the Rectory of Halsted in Suffolk. "Sir," said Mr. Hall, "methinks God pulls me by the sleeve, and tells me it is his will I should rather go to the east than to the west." " Nay," said Dr. Chaderton, "I should rather think that God would have you go westward, for that he hath contrived your engagement before the tender of this letter, which therefore coming too late, may receive a fair and easy answer." " Pardon my dissent," was Mr. Hall's reply; "I well know that divinity was the end whereto I was destined by my parents. and this I have so constantly proposed to myself, that I never meant other than to pass through this western school to it; but I see that God, who found me ready to go the farther way about,

now calls me the nearest and directest way to that sacred end." To this the good Doctor had nothing farther to oppose, and though it was the frustration of his journey to London, he recognized the finger of God, and joyfully relinquished his protegée to the better care of Providence. All that remained was to satisfy Lord Popham This Mr. Hall undertook: and not only was his apology as frankly sustained as it was candidly given, but he was enabled to recompense the former kindness of a friend. For, remembering by whose representations to the Earl of Huntingdon he had obtained his fellowship, he stated the qualifications of Mr. Cholmley so effectually, that the vacant place was transfered to him, and they "two, who came together to the University, must now leave it at once."*

His next step in life is too important not to be told, and his own account is too characteristic to admit of any other relating it. "Being now settled in that sweet and civil country of Suffolk, near to St. Edmund's-Bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was then extremely ruinous; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of that single house-keeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no

[•] From the above narrative, it will be seen that Mr. Campbell has committed an oversight in stating that Hall' was some time master of the school at Tiverton, in Devonshire."—British Poets, 11. 200. He was never actually appointed.

less strangely provided for me. For walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsunweek, with a grave and reverend minister, Mr. Grandidge, I saw a comely modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a weddingdinner, and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her, 'Yes,' quoth he, 'I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife.' When I further demanded an account of that answer, he told me she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winniff of Bretenham; that out of an opinion had of the fitness of that match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it, advising me not to neglect

the opportunity; and not concealing the just praises of the modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence, I listened to the motion as sent from God, and at last upon due prosecution happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."

The increasing comforts of Halsted Rectory could not hinder him from listening soon after to a proposal made by Sir Edmund Bacon, that he should accompany him in a continental tour. The amount of enterprise and resources which such an expedition then demanded can scarcely now be understood. In those days the travelling retinue of a nobleman resembled the

Mecca caravan, and he marched under an escort which showed that he was taking his pleasure in an enemy's country. Mr. Hall possessed a high degree of that noble curiosity which compels some to labour in the fire for knowledge, whilst others, waiting till wisdom come, grow old in contented ignorance. No one in reading his works can fail to be struck with the indications of a busy, quick, and observant eye. Many of his most striking and original remarks are the result of sagaciously noting, and dexterously applying what passes before the eyes of other men too often to appear uncommon, that is, to appear in any way remarkable. But the prospect of exploring a field then so seldom traversed dilated his mind with absolute ecstasy, and he rejoiced in the ungathered harvest of knowledge which it promised. Above all, he wished to visit a Roman Catholic country. He longed to behold popery in reality; not the crippled crouching thing which prolonged a skulking existence in England, but the stalwart galled and raging Apollyon that stalked tremendously through Eu-Sir Edmund travelled in the protection of the English ambassador, and for farther concealment. Mr. Hall exchanged his canonicals for the silken robes and gay colours of a fashionable English gentleman. And not with standing the frequent debates into which his zeal betrayed him amongst jesuits and friars, the suspicious excellence of his Latin, and the sturdy protestantism, which only "the hulk of a tall Brabanter" saved from martyrdom at the procession of John the Baptist, he passed undetected from Calais to Brussels. from Nemours to Spa, and then, returning, to Antwerp and Middleburgh. It was our traveller's anxiety to view the ancient college of this last city. which lost him his voyage home. He left his party at Flushing, and lingered so long at Middleburgh, that his friends availed themselves of a favourable wind, and he arrived in time to gaze hopelessly after their vessel now far at sea. "Sadly returning to Middleburgh. he waited long for an inconvenient and tempestuous passage." In his epistles he has given an account of this expedition, an extract from which will serve the additional purpose of enabling the reader to compare his earlier - more quaint, dense, cramp, and antithetic — with his later style. His six Decads of Epistles are the first specimens of that familiar and delightful composition since so common in our language. He claims this merit for himself, and we do not know of any British author who published letters of his own before him.

"Besides my hopes, not my desires, I travelled of late; for knowledge partly, and partly for health. There was nothing that made not my journey pleasant, save the labour of the way: which yet was so sweetly deceived by the society of Sir Edmund Bacon, (a gentleman truly honourable, beyond all titles), that I found small cause to complain. The sea brooked not me, nor I it; an unquiet element, made

only for wonder and use, not for pleasure. Alighted once from that wooden conveyance, and uneven way, I bethought myself how fondly our life is committed to an unsteady and reeling piece of wood, fickle winds, restless waters, while we may set foot on stedfast and constant earth. Lo. then everything taught me, everything delighted me; so ready are we to be affected with these foreign pleasures, which at home we should overlook, I saw much as one might in such a span of earth in so few months. The time favoured me: for now newly had the key of peace opened those parts which war had before closed: closed (I say) to all English, save either fugitives or captives. All civil occurrences (as what fair cities, what strange fashions, entertainments, dangers, delights, we found), are fit for other ears and winter evenings. What I noted, as a divine within the sphere of my profession, my paper shall not spare in some part to report.

"Along our way, how many churches saw we demolished! Nothing left, but rude heaps, to tell the passenger there hath been both devotion and hostility. Fury hath done that there, which Covetousness would do with us; would do, but shall not: the truth within shall save the walls without. And, to speak truly (whatever the vulgar exclaim), Idolatry pulled down those walls, not rage. If there had been no Hollander to raze them, they would have fallen alone rather than hide so much impiety under their guilty

roof. These are spectacles, not so much of cruelty as justice; cruelty of man, justice of God. But (which I wondered at) churches fall and jesuits' colleges rise everywhere. There is no city where those are not either rearing or built. Whence cometh this? Is it. for that devotion is not so necessary as policy? Those men (as we say of the fox) fare best where they are most cursed. None so much spited of their own, none so hated of all, none so opposed by ours; and yet these ill weeds grow. Whosoever lives long shall see them feared of their own. who now hate them; shall see these seven lean kine devour all the fat beasts that feed on the meadows of Tiber.

" At Brussels I saw some English

women profess themselves vestals, with a thousand rites, I know not whether more ridiculous or magical. Poor souls! they could not be fools enough at home. It would have made you to pity, laugh, disdain (I know not which more), to see by what cunning sleights and fair pretences that weak sex was fetched into a wilful bondage; and (if these two can agree) willingly constrained to serve a master whom they must and cannot obey. What follows hence? Late sorrow, secret mischief, misery irremediable.

"I talked there, in more boldness perhaps than wisdom, with Costerus, a famous jesuit, an old man, more testy than subtile, and more able to wrangle than satisfy. Our discourse was long and roving; and on his part full both of words and vehemency. He spake as at home, I as a stranger: yet so as he saw me modestly peremptory. The particulars would swell my letter too much: it is enough that the truth lost less than I gained.

"At Ghent, a city that commands reverence for age and wonder for the greatness, we fell upon a capuchin novice, who wept bitterly because he was not allowed to make himself miserable. His head had now felt the razor, his back the rod: all that laconical discipline pleased him well, which another being condemned to, would justly account a torment. What hindered then? Piety to his mother would not permit this which he thought piety to God.

He could not be a willing beggar, unless his mother would beg unwillingly. He was the only heir of his father, the only stay of his mother: the comfort of her widowhood depended on this her orphan: who now naked must enter into the world of the capuchins, as he came first into this, leaving his goods to the division of the fraternity - the least part whereof should have been hers, whose he wished all. Hence those tears. These men for devout. the jesuits for learned and pragmatical, have engrossed all opinion from other orders. O hypocrisy! No capuchin may take or touch silver. This metal is as very an anathema to them, as the wedge of gold to Achan; at the offer whereof he starts back, as Moses from the serpent: yet he carries a boy with him, that takes and carries it, and never complains of either metal or measure. I saw and laughed at it, and by this open trick of hypocrisy suspected more, more close.

"At Nemours, on a pleasant and steep hill-top, we found one that was termed a married hermit; approving his wisdom above his fellows, that could make choice of so cheerful and sociable a solitariness. Whence, after a delightful passage up the sweet river Mosa, we visited the populous and rich city of Leodium (Liege.) I would those streets were more moist with wine than with blood; wherein no day, no night, is not dismal to some. No law, no magistrate lays hold on the known murderer if himself list;

for three days after the fact, the gates are open and justice shut: private violence may pursue him, public justice cannot: whence some of more hot temper carve themselves revenge: others take up with a small pecuniary satisfaction. O England, thought I, happy for justice, happy for security! There you shall find in every corner a maumet (image); at every door a beggar, in every dish a priest. From thence we passed to the Spa, a village famous for her medicinal and mineral waters, compounded of iron and copperas: the virtue whereof vet the simple inhabitant ascribes to their beneficial saint, whose heavy foot hath made an ill-shaped impression in a stone of the upper well: - a water more wholesome than pleasant, and yet more famous than wholesome.

"One thing I may not omit without sinful oversight; a short but memorable story which the graphier of that town (though of different religion) reported to more ears than ours. When the last inquisition tyrannized in those parts, and helped to spend the faggots of Ardenne, one of the rest, a confident confessor, being led far to his stake, sung psalms along the way, in a heavenly courage and victorious triumph. The cruel officer, envying his last mirth, and grieving to see him merrier than his tormentors, commanded him silence. He sings still, as desirous to improve his last breath to the best. The view of his approaching glory bred his joy; his joy breaks forth into a cheerful confession. The enraged sheriff causes his tongue to

be cut off near the roots. Bloody wretch! It had been good music to have heard his shrieks; but to hear his music was torment. The poor martyr dies in silence, rests in peace. Not many months after, our butcherly officer hath a son born with his tongue hanging down upon his chin, like a deer after long chase, which never could be gathered up within the bounds of his lips. O the divine hand, full of justice, full of revenge!

"Let me tell you yet, ere I take off my pen, two wonders more, which I saw in that wonder of cities, Antwerp; — one a solemn mass in a shambles, and that on God's day; while the house was full of meat, of butchers, of buyers; some kneeling, others bargaining, most talking, all busy. It was strange to see one house sacred to God and the belly, and how these two services agreed. The priests did eat flesh, the butchers sold flesh, in one roof at one instant. The butcher killed and sold it by pieces: the priest did sacrifice, and orally devour it whole.* The other, -an Englishman, so madly devout that he had wilfully housed up himself as an anchorite, the worst of all prisoners. There sat he, pent up for his farther merit, half hunger-starved for the charity of the citizens. It was worth seeing how manly he could bite in his secret want, and dissemble his over-late repentance. I cannot commend his mortification, if he wish to

We need scarcely say that the author alludes to that monstrous tenet of popery, transubstantiation.

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be in heaven; yea in purgatory, to be delivered from thence. I durst not pity him, because his durance was willing, and as he hoped meritorious; but such encouragement as he had from me, such thank shall he have from God, who, instead of an *Euge* which he looks for, shall angrily challenge him with 'who required thus?'"

The interview with Father Costerus, to which Mr. Hall alludes in the foregoing letter, has been recorded elsewhere, and is characteristic of the times. It often happens that the prevailing notions of the day supply arguments for some great truth, to which controversialists resort more eagerly, and on which they are disposed to lay greater stress, than on those proofs

which are alike weighty and conclusive in every age. It has been said, that our metaphysical countryman Andrew Baxter, in his book on the Immateriality of the Soul, perplexed the sceptics of his time by a reference to nocturnal apparitions more than by all his other reasonings; and if they were so inconsistent in their credulity, we can scarcely conceive anything fairer or more irresistible as an argumentum ad homines, however inefficacious it may be in the altered belief of the present generation. It was similar ground which our protestant divine occupied in common with his popish antagonist, without any suspicion of its soundness. An English barrister, a proselyte to popery, and resident at Brussels, was narrating to Sir Edmund Bacon, in a style of extravagant hyperbole, the wonders lately performed by our Lady at Zichem; and to silence the shrewd objections of the worthy knight, had instanced a cure miraculously wrought upon himself. At this moment Mr. Hall entered the apartment, and, there being nothing in his dress to indicate his profession, joined freely in the conversation. "Put case this report of your's be granted for true, I beseech you teach me what difference there is betwixt these miracles and those which were wrought by Vespasian,* by some

^{*} When Vespasian was at Alexandria in Egypt, two men came to him as he was presiding in a court of justice, the one to all appearance blind, and the other lame, soliciting a cure. He at first declined to interfere, but at the solicitation of his courtiers he was persuaded to impart the healing rite, which Serapis had indicated to the applicants in a dream. "Nee eventus defuit," adds Suetotonius; and we may believe that the success was

vestals with charms and spells: the rather that I have noted in the late published report, some patient prescribed to come upon a Friday, and some to wash in such a well before their approach, and divers other such charm-like operations." The confident tone of the lawyer was suddenly lowered by this unexpected interrogatory, and he excused himself from a reply, saying, "I do not profess this kind of scholarship; but we have in the city many famous divines, with whom if it would please you to confer, you might sooner receive satisfaction." Mr. Hall asked who was considered

as great as a collusion betwixt the Egyptian priests and the emperor could secure. Suctonii, Fespas. cap. 7. Taciti Hist. IV. 81. For the remarks of Lardner see his Works, vol. III. p. 412, quarto edition.

the most eminent divine of the place. The English gentleman named Father Costerus, and undertook to secure him a conference, to which Mr. H. gladly acceded. Accordingly, in the afternoon the zealous Romanist returned to announce that the father had agreed to the interview, and to accompany him to the Jesuits' College. arrived, the porter opened the gate. and ejaculating a Deo gratias, admitted the stranger. He did not remain long in the hall till Costerus joined him. After a friendly salutation, the priest ran on in a long and formal oration on the unity of that church in which alone men can be saved, when Mr. Hall took advantage of the first moment which civility allowed to interrupt him. "Sir, I beseech vou mistake me not. My nation tells you of what religion I am. I come not hither out of any doubt of my professed belief, or any purpose to change it: but moving a question to this gentleman concerning the pretended miracles of the time, he pleased to refer me to yourself for my answer: which motion of his I was the more willing to embrace, for the fame that I have heard of your learning and worth. And if you can give me satisfaction herein. I am ready to receive it." So seating themselves at a table in the end of the hall, they prepared for a vigorous encounter. The jesuit commenced by giving his view of the distinction between miracles diabolical and divine. Mr. Hall was not satisfied, and stated his objections. Upon this his opponent diverged into a vehement as sault on the English church, which he protested could not yield one miracle. Mr. Hall reclaimed, that in his church they had manifest proofs of the ejection of devils by fasting and prayer "If it can be proved," cried Costerus, "that ever any devil was dispossessed in your church, I shall quit my religion." In the long and keen debate which followed. Mr. Hall started many questions to which his antagonist could give no satisfactory answers. They soon obtained an additional auditor in Father Baldwin, an English jesuit. who came in and seated himself on a form at the other end of the table, and seemed not a little mortified that a gentleman of his nation should leave the college as unenlightened as he

The next morning the persevering lawyer arrived with a message from this father, expressing his disappointment that an Englishman should have preferred a conference with a foreigner, when he would have been happy to have his acquaintance and to give him satisfaction. Mr. Hall would as willingly have made arrangements for this interview as for the former, had not a secret signal from Sir Edinund reminded him that they came to travel, not to argue, and that their safe-conduct would not be strengthened by an additional debate. Father Baldwin's message was therefore politely declined, Mr. Hall having no hope of converting the priest, and being resolved that no papist should alter him.

It may be worth while to mention,

as justifying an objection to the English ritual strongly urged by the Presbyterians of that day, that in his voyage up the Maese, Mr. Hall had what he calls "a dangerous conflict" with a Sorbonist of the Carmelite order, on the subject of the Eucharist. friar was trying to persuade the company, from the circumstance of their kneeling at the sacrament, that the English protestants recognised the doctrine of transubstantiation. By what arguments Mr. Hall confuted the calumny we do not know; but the debate waxed so hot, that Sir Edmund was constrained to interfere, and call away his polemical friend from a discussion more manly than discreet, in a country where all argument against the established religion was prohibited by law: — not, however, till the prior indicated his suspicions to the bystanders, by significantly telling them that he had once prepared a suit of green satin for his travels in England. Mr. Hall was afterwards employed by his Majesty King James, to persuade the people of Scotland into kneeling at the communion; but when he found his church claimed by Roman Catholics on the ground of this ceremony, he might well have shown indulgence for those Presbyterians who saw in it a remnant of popery.

At Spa he composed the second of his three centuries of "Meditations and Vows." They were the results of his meditative perambulations, amidst scenery whose picturesque and historic charms had kindled even then the poet's fervour. He composed them while

Ardennes waved above him her green leaves, Dewy with nature's tear-drops;

but though himself a poet, his work records no sombre nor romantic im-"The mind is its own pressions. place," and the thoughts of our traveller were never more at home. As the productions of an able pen, these Meditations reflect lustre on the talents of their author, and give him a good claim to be styled the Christian Seneca, as the graceful Apology of Lactantius conferred on that father the kindred title of the Christian Cicero. Each Meditation embodies some brief reflection, and closes with a practical resolution: in this last respect reminding us of perhaps the most instructive document in the life of that wise self-observer, President Edwards. They are all precious, as revealing thoughts which had long dwelt in a sanctified bosom, as recording the animadversions of one who was no less sagacious in reading the hearts of others than strict in watching his own, and as contributing wise directions to others advancing in the same heavenward journey. No reader need grudge a few extracts, should they bring him acquainted with a work never to be forgotten, but perhaps not sufficiently known in practical divinity:—

"As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance, in not prying into God's ark, in not inquiring into things not revealed. I would fain know all that I need, and all that I may. I leave God's secrets to himself.

It is happy for me that God makes me of his court, though not of his council."

"The devil himself devised that slander of early holiness, A young saint, an old devil. Sometimes young devils have proved old saints, never the con trary: but true saints in youth do always form angels in their age. I will strive to be ever good; but if I should not find myself best at last, I should fear I was never good at all."

"As we say, There would be no thieves, if there were no receivers; so would there not be so many open mouths to detract and slander, if there were not so many open ears to entertain them. If I cannot stop another man's mouth from speaking ill, I will either open my mouth to reprove it,

or else I will stop mine ears from hearing it; and let him see in my face that he hath no room in my heart."

"I am a stranger even at home: therefore if the dogs of the world bark at me, I neither care nor wonder."

"I care not for any companion, but such as may teach me somewhat, or learn somewhat of me; but these shall much pleasure me, neither know I whether more. For though it be an excellent thing to learn, yet I learn but to teach others."

"If I die, the world shall miss me but a little; I shall miss it less. Not it me—because it hath such store of better men: not I it—because it hath so much ill, and I shall have so much happiness."

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"I acknowledge no Master of Requests in heaven but one — Christ my Mediator. I know I cannot be so happy as not to need him; nor so miserable that he should contemn me. Good prayers never came weeping home: I am sure I shall either receive what I ask, or what I should ask."

"I never loved those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one: I will suffer a hundred, rather than return one: I will suffer many ere I complain of one, and endeavour to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness"

"Sudden extremity is a notable trial of faith. The faithful, more quickly than any casualty, can lift up his heart to his stay in heaven: whereas the worldling stands amazed and distraught with the evil, because he hath no refuge to fly unto. When, therefore, some sudden stitch girds me in the side, like to be the messenger of death; or when the sword of my enemy, in an unexpected assault, threatens my body; I will seriously note how I am affected: so the suddenest evil, as it shall not come unlooked-for, shall not go away unthought of. If I find myself courageous and heavenly-minded, I will rejoice in the truth of God's grace in me; knowing that one drachm of tried faith is worth a whole pound of speculative; and that which once stood

by me will never fail me. If dejected and heartless, herein I will acknowledge cause of humiliation, and with all care and diligence seek to store myself against the danger following."

" I will be ever doing something, that either God when he cometh, or Satan when he tempted, may find me busied."

"Each day is a new life, and an abridgment of the whole. I will so live, as if I counted every day my first and my last; as if I began to live but then, and should live no more afterwards."

"Rareness causes wonder. If the sun should arise but once on the earth, I doubt every man would be a Persian, and fall down and worship it."

- "The proud man hath no God; the envious man hath no neighbour; the angry man hath not himself."
- "I observe three seasons wherein a wise man differs not from a fool; in his infancy, in sleep, and in silence; for in the two former we are all fools, and in silence all are wise. Surely, he is not a fool that hath unwise thoughts, but he that utters them. Even concealed folly is wisdom, and sometimes, wisdom uttered is folly. While others care how to speak, my care shall be how to hold my peace.
- "Extremity distinguisheth friends. Worldly pleasures, like physicians, give us over when once we lie a-dying; and yet the death-bed had most need

of comforts. Christ Jesus standeth by his in the pangs of death, and after death at the bar of judgment, not leaving them either in their bed or in their grave."

The living at Halsted was small, and, notwithstanding the moderate desires of the incumbent, so inadequate that he was forced "to write books to buy books." He applied to the patron for an augmentation of ten pounds per annum—a demand in itself not exorbitant, and only just, when it is remembered that Sir Robert Drury, by an abuse of power then frequent, was appropriating to his own uses a portion of the minister's emoluments. Sir Robert's refusal to comply with Mr. Hall's request, prepared him to

accept any preferment that might be offered him. And he soon had more than he desired. For during a visit to London he was sought out by a friend, who came to tell him the high acceptance which his Meditations had obtained at the court of Prince Henry, and to urge him to embrace an opportunity of preaching before his Highness. Mr. Hall was then confined to his lodgings in Drury Lane by a severe cold. "I strongly pleaded my indisposition of body, and my inpreparation for any such work, together with my bashful fears, and utter unfitness for such a presence. averseness doubled his importunity: in fine, he left me not till he had my engagement to preach the Sunday following at Richmond. He made way

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for me to that awful pulpit, and encouraged me by the favour of his noble lord the Earl of Essex. I preached: through the favour of my God, that sermon was so well given as taken; insomuch as that sweet prince signified his desire to hear me again the Tuesday following; which done, that labour gave more contentment than the former, so as that prince both gave me his hand, and commanded me to his service. My patron seeing me, upon my return to London, looked after by some great persons, began to wish me at home, and told me that some or other would be snatching me up. I answered, it was in his power to prevent: Would he be pleased to make my maintenance but so competent as in right it should be I would never stir from him. Instead of condescending, it pleased him to fall into an expostulation of the rate of competencies, affirming the variableness thereof according to our own estimation, and our either raising or moderating the causes of our expenses. I showed him the insufficiency of my means; but a harsh and unpleasing answer so disheartened me, that I resolved to embrace the first opportunity of my remove.

"Now, whilst I was taken up with these anxious thoughts, a messenger came to me from my Lord Denny, my after most honourable patron, entreating me from his Lordship to speak with him. No sooner came I thither, than after a glad and noble welcome, I was entertained with the earnest offer of Waltham. The conditions were, like the mover of them, free and bountiful. I received them as from the munificent hand of my God; and returned full of the cheerful acknowledgments of a gracious providence over me. Too late now did my former noble patron relent, and offer me those terms which had before fastened me for ever. I returned home happy in a new master, and in a new patron; betwixt whom I divided myself and my labours, with much comfort, and no less acceptation.

"In the second year of mine attendance on his highness, when I came for my dismission from that monthly service, it pleased the prince to command me a longer stay; and at last upon mine allowed departure, by the mouth of Sir Thomas Challoner, his governor, to tender unto me a motion of more honour and favour than I was worthy of; which was, that it was his highness' pleasure and purpose to have me continually resident at the court as a constant attendant, whilst the rest held on their wonted vicisitudes; for which purpose his highness would obtain for me such preferments as should vield me full contentment. I returned my humblest thanks, and my readiness to sacrifice myself to the service of so gracious a master; but being conscious to myself of my unanswerableness to so great expectation, and loath to forsake so dear and noble a patron, who had placed much of his heart upon me, I did modestly put it off, and held close to my Waltham; where in a constant course I preached a long time (as I had done also at Halsted before) thrice in the week; yet never durst I climb into the pulpit to preach any sermon, whereof I had not before, in my poor and plain fashion, penned every word in the same order wherein I hoped to deliver it, although in the expression I listed not to be a slave to syllables."

His attendance at court did not'long detain him from the undivided performance of his pastoral duties at Waltham; for the hopes of the nation were quickly prostrated by the death of the amiable prince, which occurred Nov. 6, 1612; and on the first day of the fol

lowing year Mr. Hall discharged the last office of a love which had supplanted the deference of the courtier, by preaching a farewell sermon to the prince's household, then dissolved at St. James's. The discourse contains repeated testimonies of the grateful and affectionate admiration with which the chaplain cherished the memory of his illustrious patron - testimonies which royal station has seldom so justly merited. But history has recorded the engaging character of King James's eldest son so fully, as to supersede any extracts from this ardent eulogy. The closing sentences, however, possess a pathos and an appropriateness to the text (Rev. xxi. 3) which will justify their insertion here: - " But what if we shall meet here no more? - what if

we shall no more see one another's face? Brethren, we shall once meet together above; we shall once see the glorious face of God, and never look off again. Let it not overgrieve us to leave these tabernacles of stone, since we must shortly lay down these tabernacles of clay, and enter into tabernacles not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Till then, farewell. my dear brethren, farewell in the Lord. Go in peace, and live as those that have lost such a master, and as those that serve a Master whom they cannot lose. And the God of peace go with you, and prosper you in all your ways. and so fix his tabernacle in you upon earth, that you may be received into those tabernacles of the New Jerusalem, and dwell with him for ever in

that glory which he hath provided for all that love him. Amen."

The sixteen years which Mr. Hall spent at Waltham were among the most pleasant of his life, for they were the least distracted. His circumstances freed him from worldly solicitudes: the national convulsions which agitated his old age, of which he was sometimes the sorrowful witness, and sometimes the unoffending victim, had not commenced; his home was the shining abode of that happiness, a beam of which occasionally brightens upon his pages; and in that home no apartment was more loved or frequented than his study. What Hall has already described no other should attempt to tell: and we do not believe that any reader ever complained of the length of the following letter, which gives in brief the distribution of this good man's time for many years together. It will possess an additional value to those whose distinguished prerogative has placed them in situations of like advantage:—

"Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is that old Jacob numbered his life by days, and Moses desired to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal, those that dare misspend it desperate. All days are his who gave time a beginning and continuance; yet some he hath made ours, not to command but to use. In none may we forget him: in some we

must forget all besides him. First, therefore. I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must: pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health; neither do I consult so much with the sun, as with mine own necessity, whether of body or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased that it may be serviceable. Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God; my first thoughts are for Him who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travail; and as he gives, so blesses If my heart be early seasoned both. with his presence, it will savour of him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity,

nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order, and marshalling (as it may) my hours with my work. That done, after some while's meditation. I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and sitting down amongst them with the best contentment. I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred: without whom I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions, wherein I am not too scrupulous of age. Sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients whom the Church bath honoured with the name of Fathers. whose volumes I confess not to open without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity; sometimes to those later Doctors, who want nothing but age to make them classical; always to God's book. That day is lost, whereof some hours are not improved in those divine monuments: others I turn over out of choice, these out of duty. Ere I can have sate unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invite me to our common devotions: not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety. Now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while my eves are busied, another while my hand, and sometimes my mind takes the burden from them both. One hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy; histories relieve them both. Now, when my mind is weary of others' labours, it begins to undertake its own: sometimes it meditates, and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth its conceits into present discourse, sometimes for itself, often for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts; I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use. Only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music

with changes, were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both; while my body and mind are joined together in these unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts, and now would forget that I ever studied. A full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome. These prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous but medicinal. The palate may not be pleased, but the stomach, nor that for its own sake; neither would I think any of these

comforts worth respect in themselves, but in their use, in their end, so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself by a wilful denial. I rise capable of more, not desirous; not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

"After my later meal, my thoughts are slight: only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And now the evening is come, ne tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shop-board, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, who, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God. How miserable is the condition of those men who spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent! as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for! as it God would take this for a good bill of reckoning, Item, spent upon my pleasures, 40 years!

"Such are my common days; but God's day calls for another respect.

The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it: yet, because the Sun of righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life to the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it; therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist, 'This is the day which the Lord hath made.' Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who at some times of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the business of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work or pleasure, but heavenly. I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy

in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and according to my care of this day, is my blessing on the rest."

So intent was he on these beloved employments that, to secure leisure for study, he is said to have restricted himself at one time to a single meal in the day. He was not a solitary instance of the like abstinence among his contemporaries. But that he was not criminally negligent of his health may be inferred from various circumstances. He wisely imitated Isaac, "who went out in the evening to meditate." And not only did he from time to time indulge himself with what, in the vehemence of his enthusiasim,

^{*} Lloyd's Memoirs, p. 419.

[†] Art of Divine Meditation, Chap. X.

he calls "his other soul," music: but like many other worthies formed for patient contemplation, he occasionally took down the angle, and by the river side pursued the calling symbolical of his own. To the remonstrances of a considerate friend he answers __ "Fear not my immoderate studies, I have a body that controls me enough in these courses; my friends need not. There is nothing whereof I could sooner surfeit, if I durst neglect my body to satisfy my mind; but while I affect knowledge, my weakness checks me, and says, 'Better a little learning, than no health.' I yield, and patiently abide myself debarred of my chosenfelicity."

The quiet tenor of his life at Waltham was thrice interrupted by a call from his Majesty, to bear a part in undertakings of public interest. The first was in 1616, when he went to France to grace the splendid retinue of the British ambassador, Viscount Doncaster. Had the festivities of that brilliant occasion possessed any attractions for our sober-minded theologian, he was effectually precluded from enjoying them by a dangerous sickness, which overtook him soon after his arrival, and lasted with his stay. When the time arrived for the return of the ambassador, he was kindly invited by the illustrious Du Moulin to reside with him till his recovery should be established. "I thanked him," says Dr. Hall, "but resolved if I could but creep homewards to put myself upon the journey. A litter was provided,

but of so little ease, that Simeon's penitential lodging, * or a malefactor's stocks, had been less penal. I crawled down from my close chamber into that carriage, 'in which you seemed to me to be conveyed as in a coffin,'† as Mr. Moulin wrote to me afterward; that misery had I endured in all the long passage from Paris to Dieppe, being left alone to the surly muleteers, had not the providence of my good God brought me to St. Germain's, upon the very setting out of those coaches, which had staid there upon that morning's entertainment of my lord ambas-

[•] Simeon was a Syrian devotee, who spent 37 years in a cavity on the top of a pillar. His austerities procured him a reputation which enabled him to found a sect, from their singular habitations called Stylitæ, or Sancti Columnares, See Mosheim, Cent. V. Part 2.

[†] In qua videbaris mihi efferri, tanquam in sandapila.

sador. How glad was I that I might change my seat and my company. In the way, beyond all expectation, I began to gather some strength; whether the fresh air or the desires of my home revived me, so much and so sudden reparation ensued, as was sensible to myself, and seemed strange to others. Being shipped at Dieppe, the sea used us hardly, and after a night and a great part of the day following, sent us back well wind-beaten, to that bleak haven whence we set forth, forcing us to a more pleasing land-passage, through the coasts of Normandy and Picardy; towards the end whereof my former complaint returned upon me, and landing with me, accompanied me to and at my long-desired home." On his return, he found that, during

Early in the following year he was called to accompany his Majesty on his famous expedition into Scotland, for the purpose of establishing Episcopacy.* It was James's fortune to have at his command men whose consciences acquiesced in, whose talents vindicated, and whose worth commended the measures which his vanity suggested, and his obstinacy enforced. The ceremonies, afterwards obnoxiously distinguished as the Five Articles of Perth, were the main cause of the royal pedant's progress into Scotland on this occasion. He did one thing wisely when he took in his train

^{*} For an account of his Majesty's doings on this occasion, see Calderwood's History, pp. 673, ct seg.

an Episcopalian so sincere, so learned, and so reasonable as Dr. Hall. words had more persuasiveness than his master's ordinances; and though we do not know that he came any speed, the meekness and earnestness with which he argued the question, were better fitted to overcome the presbyterian prejudices of Scotchmen, than the domineering arrogance of one whose arguments owed all their weight to his station. He respected the presbyterian ministers, and they recompensed his good opinion with their cordial esteem. His more imperious and less logical brethren envied and misrepresented his reputation. As he says himself-"The great love and respect that I found, both from the ministers and people, brought me no 98

small envy from some of our own. Upon a commonly received supposition, that his Majesty would have no farther use of his chaplains, after his remove from Edinburgh (forasmuch as the divines of the country, whereof there is great store and worthy choice, were allotted to every station), I easily obtained, through the solicitation of my ever-honoured Lord of Carlisle, to return with him before my fellows. No sooner was I gone, than suggestions were made to his Majesty of my over plausible demeanour and doctrine to that already prejudicate people, for which his Majesty, after a gracious acknowledgment of my good service then done, called me upon his return to a favourable and mild account: not more freely professing what informations had been given against me, than his own full satisfaction with my sincere and just answer; as whose excellent wisdom well saw, that such winning carriage of mine could be no hinderance to those his great designs. At the same time his Majesty, having secret notice that a letter was coming to me from Mr. W. Struthers, a reverend and learned divine of Edinburgh, concerning the five points then proposed and urged to the Church of Scotland, was pleased to impose upon me an earnest charge, to give him a full answer in satisfaction to those his modest doubts; and at large to declare my judgment concerning these required observations, which I speedily performed with so great approbation of his Majesty, that it pleased him to command a transcript thereof, as I was

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informed, publicly to be read in their most famous university; the effect whereof his Majesty vouchsafed to signify afterwards unto some of my best friends, with allowance beyond my hopes."

In 1618, the Synod of Dort assembled to pronounce a judgment on the controversies introduced by the new sect of Arminius.* As they desired the attendance of divines from the various reformed churches, Dr. Hall was one of four deputed to represent the Church of England. But

A full account of this famous Synod will be found in Hales's Golden Remains, and in Brandt's History of the Reformation in the Low Countries. The previous history, in a very authentic form, will be found in the preface to the Articles of the Synod, translated by the late Mr. Scott of Aston-Sandford.

he had not attended two months, when the deleterious influence of a Dutch atmosphere, and the sleepless nights of a garrison town, reduced his delicate frame to such a state of weakness that he became unfit to give his presence regularly, and was brought to the reluctant conclusion that he must withdraw. Before setting out, he complied with a request of the Synod, and preached before them a sermon in Latin, which he was enabled to do with unexpected vigour, having enjoyed during the previous night his first sound rest after a wakeful fortnight. At first he only retired to the Hague, in the hope that a change of place, and the attentions which he received in the house of the ambassador. might recruit his exhausted strength;

but experiencing no salutary result, he accepted his Majesty's recal. " Returning by Dort, I sent in my sad farewell to that grave assembly, who by common vote sent to me the president of the Synod, and the assistants, with a respectful and gracious valediction. Neither did the Deputies of my Lords the States neglect to visit me; and after a noble acknowledgment of more good service from me than I durst own, dismissed me with an honourable retribution, and sent after me a rich medal of gold, the portraiture of the Synod, for a precious monument of their respects to my poor endeavours, who failed not, whilst I was at the Hague, to impart unto them my poor advice concerning the proceeding of that synodical meeting. The

difficulties of my return in such weakness were many and great; wherein, if ever, God manifested his special providence to me, in overruling the cross accidents of that passage, and, after many dangers and despairs, contriving my safe arrival." The gold medal was transmitted to him from the States, through the eminent scholar Daniel Heinsius, and from all the gratifying circumstances attending its presentation, was a memorial which he justly valued. It is conspicuously introduced in his portrait preserved in Emanuel College. Dr. Hall had never occasion to be ashamed of his connexion with the venerable Synod of Dort, notwithstanding the aspersions heaped upon it as soon as its sittings had terminated, and propagated

to the present day. Amongst other calumnies, his colleagues were accused of a conspiracy against the Arminians, and of having taken an oath beforehand to vote down the remonstrants. The slander might have refuted itself; but Dr. Hall published a letter which effectually dispelled it, and we are not aware that this falsehood has ever been revived.

The errors which this Synod condemned, but did not cure, soon crossed the German Ocean, to divide the churches of Britain. "Sides were taken, and pulpits rang everywhere of these opinions." The pacific spirit of this holy man was wounded, when he heard the watchwords of Arminian controversy passed as freely and angrily in England as they had ever been in Holland. When the convocation of the Church met in 1623, Dr. Hall preached a sermon in Latin before it, of which an English translation by his son is preserved among his other works. Its tone is as conciliatory as might have been anticipated from the known tendencies of the author, and its very title is nobly indicative of his designs and feelings, - " Noah's dove bringing an olive of peace to the tossed ark of Christ's church." He laboured in other ways to restore the unity of which he mourned the departure; and published, as "a project of pacification," some remarks "on the five busy articles, commonly known by the name of Arminius." In this his mediatory interference met with no better reward

than did that of Richard Baxter in a similar controversy a short time after; for it brought upon him the suspicions of many, and the open hostility of some in either party. As he calmly remarks, "I was scorched a little with this flame, which I desired to quench."

Hitherto Dr. Hall had sustained the lighter responsibilities and easier labours of a parish priest. When he had adventured in controversy, no other necessity was laid upon him than the love which he bore to truth, and concern at beholding the best cause the worst supported. He had enjoyed frequent, if not long, intervals of that contemplative leisure after which his soul habitually thirsted. He was now called to govern a church where his ambition had only been to serve; but

the period of his elevation was ont when the office of a bishop was least likely to be courted. His episcopate extended over the most tempestuous period which the English hierarchy has encountered. The vessel was heaving when he was summoned to his post; and the billow which bore him to the shore was that which swept over the wreck.

It was in 1627 that Dr. Hall was consecrated Bishop of Exeter. He had previously declined the see of Gloucester. He entered on this high station aware of the suspicions from many quarters which attended him: "for some that sate at the stern of the Church had him in great jealousy for too much favour of Puritanism." He had early intelligence that certain per-

sons were set as spies to watch over him. However, he formed his resolution, and walked wisely according to its rule. In his diocese he found some who did not comply with the ecclesiastical canons; but by his prudent and gainly conduct he reclaimed all the refractory, except two who retired from his jurisdiction. What greatly tended to secure harmony within his extensive charge, was the honourable determination which he formed at the outset, and to which he steadily adhered, of never imposing any new orders or rites on his This, with the full toleration of week-day lectures and extra-canonical services, and the favourable notice which he took of the mere diligent among the clergy, secured for his diocese an invidious pre-eminence over those around it, and brought on him the resentment of his more parrowminded brethren on the bench, as well as the hostility of the less exemplary within his own cure. At court he was informed against, and "was three several times upon his knees to his Majesty, to answer these great criminations;" insomuch that he "plainly told the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, that rather than he would be obnoxious to these slanderous tongues of his misinformers, he would cast up his rochet." The unanimity and attachment of his clergy were his sufficient compensation for the obloquy which others so unworthily cast upon him. But a doubtful oath imposed in 1640,* and which this conscientious prelate could not tender

[.] The synodical or et cetera oath.

to his clergy, gave rise to dissensions, through the officious interposition of some strangers. The majority still adhered to him; but, the firebrands being now scattered, he foresaw a conflagra-In this conjuncture he was the more ready to accept the offer of a translation to Norwich, made to him in the year following (1641), by King Charles. With his promotion to this see he closes his Specialties. " But how I took the Tower in my way; and how I have been dealt with since my repair hither, I could be lavish in the sad report, ever desiring my good God to enlarge my heart in thankfulness to him, for the sensible experience I have had of his fatherly hand over me, in the deepest of all my afflictions, and to strengthen me for whatsoever other

trials he shall be pleased to call me unto; that being found faithful unto the death, I may obtain that crown of life, which he has ordained for all those that overcome."

The value of Bishop Hall's services, and the perils of his situation, will be better understood when it is remembered that Laud was at this time the primate of England. Among the other inflictions of that violent and arbitrary prelate, was the famous "Book of Sports." This he revived, and required that it should be read from every pulpit in England. Those who resisted were silenced for their puritanism; but the piety and independence of Hall rescued the clergy of his diocese. And although the archbishop, in the plenitude of his zeal against evangelical

religon, had summoned before the Star Chamber some pious individuals, who had founded lectureships and purchased impropriations for the supply of destitute parishes, and compelled them, at a prodigious sacrifice, to relinquish their scheme, Bishop Hall had the intrepidity to protect within his bounds the obnoxious lecturers.

His moderation, however, did not save him from the storm which at this time burst after long threatening, and carried the episcopal order before it. The circumstance which implicated him was, at the worst, an act of unadvisedness. When the Parliament met towards the close of 1641, the popular indignation against the bishops had risen so high, that the House of Lords was beset by an armed mob of

many thousands, who, by the cry of "No bishops!" gave unequivocal indications of their object. Such of the order as happened to be present, including the Archbishop of York and the subject of this memoir, felt that their lives were in jeopardy, and escaped with difficulty to their homes:some under the protection of the Earl of Manchester, others by secret and circuitous routes, and the rest by remaining till the night was far advanced. Having been so narrowly rescued, the bishops felt no inclination to expose themselves again to similar danger, and were induced to sign a document prepared by the Archbishop of York, petitioning the King and Parliament to guarantee their safety in attending on their legislative duties, and protesting

against all enactments which might pass during their absence. This protest was instantly laid hold of by their enemies as a most unconstitutional and treasonable declaration, and made the ground of an impeachment against the twelve who had signed it. "We poor souls," says Hall, "who little thought that we had done anything that might deserve a chiding, are now called to our knees at the bar, and charged severally with high treason, being not a little astonished at the suddenness of this crimination, compared with the perfect innocency of our own intentions. But now traitors we are in all haste, and must be dealt with accordingly. For on January 30 (1642), in all the extremity of frost, at eight o'clock in the dark evening, are we voted to the Tower; only two of our number had the favour of the black rod by reason of their age, which though desired by a noble lord on my behalf, would not be vielded: wherein I acknowledge and bless the gracious providence of God: for had I been gratified. I had been undone both in body and purse, the rooms being strait, and the expense beyond the reach of my estate. The news of our crime and imprisonment soon flew over the city, and was entertained by our wellwishers with ringing of bells and bonfires; who now gave us up (not without great triumph) for lost men, railing on our perfidiousness, and adjudging us to what foul deaths they pleased."

At this time of surprise and peril, with the exultations of his enemies ringing in his ears, and an impeachment for his life hanging over him, Bishop Hall addressed a letter to a private friend, so full of the noble sentiments and indignant utterance which conscious rectitude inspires, in harmony with Christian humility, that we regret being compelled to give only extracts:—

"My intentions and this place are such strangers, that I cannot enough marvel how they met. But, howsoever, I do in all humility kiss the rod wherewith I smart, as well knowing whose hand it is that wields it. To that infinite justice who can be innocent? but to my king and country

never heart was, or can be more clear; and I shall beshrew my hand if it shall have (against my thoughts) justly offended either; and if either say so, I reply not; as having learned not to contest with those that can command legions.

"You tell me in what fair terms I stood not long since with the world; how large room I had in the hearts of the best men: but can you tell me how I lost it? Truly I have in the presence of God narrowly searched my own bosom; I have impartially ransacked this fag-end of my life, and curiously examined every step of my ways; and I cannot by the most exact scrutiny of my saddest thoughts, find what it is that I have done to forfeit

that good estimation wherewith you say I was once blessed.

"Can my enemies say, that I bore up the reins of government too hard, and exercised my jurisdiction in a rigorous and tyrannical way, insolently lording it over my charge? Malice itself, perhaps, would, but dare not speak it; or if it should, the attestatoin of so numerous and grave a clergy would choke such impudence. Let them witness whether they were not still entertained, with an equal return of reverence, as if they had been all bishops with me, or I only a presbyter with them. Let them say whether aught here looked despotical, or sounded rather of imperious command than of brotherly complying;

whether I have not rather from some beholders undergone the censure of a too humble remissness, as stooping too low beneath the eminence of episcopal dignity; whether I have not suffered as much in some opinions, for the winning mildness of my administration, as some others for a rough severity.

"Can they say that I barred the free course of religious exercises, b; the suppression of painful and peaceable preachers? If shame will suffer any man to object it, let me challenge him to instance but in one name. Nay, the contrary is so famously known in the western parts, that every mouth will herein justify me. What free admission and encouragement have I al-

ways given to all the sons of peace, that came with God's message in their mouths! What mis-suggestions have I waived! How have I often and publicly professed, that as well might we complain of too many stars in the sky, as too many orthodox preachers in the church!

"Can they challenge me as a close and back-stair friend to Popery or Arminianism, who have in so many pulpits, and so many presses, cried down both? Surely the very paper that I have spent in the refutation of both these, is enough to stop more mouths than can be guilty of this calumny.

"Lastly, since no man can offer to upbraid me with too much pomp, which is wont to be the common eyesore of our envied profession, can any man pretend to a ground of taxing me of too much worldliness? Surely, of all the vices forbidden in the decalogue, there is no one which my heart. upon due examination, can less fasten upon me than this. He that made it knows that he hath put into it a true disregard (save only for necessary use) of the world, and all that it can boast of, whether for profit, pleasure, or glory. No, no; I know the world too well to doat upon it. It were too great a shame for a philosopher, a Christian, a divine, a bishop, to have his thoughts grovelling here upon earth; for mine, they scorn the employment, and look upon all these sublunary distractions with no other eyes than contempt.

"To shut up all, and to surcease your trouble, I write not this as one that would pump for favour and reputation from the disaffected multitude (for I charge you that what passes privately betwixt us may not fall under common eyes), but only with this desire and intention, to give you true grounds, when you shall hear my name mentioned with a causeless offence, to vield me a just and charitable vindication. Go you on still to do the office of a true friend, yea, the duty of a just man; in speaking in the cause of the dumb, in righting the innocent, in rectifying the misguided; and lastly, the service of a faithful and christian patriot, in helping the times with the best of your prayers, which is the daily task of your much devoted and thankful friend, - Jos. Norvic."

After a bill had passed both Houses, and obtained the royal assent, for depriving the bishops of their seats in parliament, the Commons proceeded to impeach the twelve who had signed the protestation, at the bar of the Lords, on a charge of high treason. But finding that there was no likelihood of obtaining a conviction of a crime so serious, they assumed a lower ground. A bill was introduced and passed by both Houses, declaring the bishops delinquents of a high nature, depriving them of their ecclesiastical authority, and assigning to each a stated yearly maintenance. The bishops were

then released, on giving bond to a great amount.

It was in the month of June that Bishop Hall found himself once more at large, after a confinement of five months. During this time he had not been idle. For besides taking his rotation with his brethren in 'preaching on the Lord's day, and corresponding with his friends, he wrote his work entitled, "The Free Prisoner." On his release, he instantly repaired to Norwich, the seat of his new bishopric, and was received with more respect than he anticipated from the temper of the times. He preached on the Sabbath following his arrival to a crowded audience, and continued his services unmolested till the month of

March following (1643). The ordinance of sequestration was then issued. and the commissioners of Parliament came to inform the Bishop that he must abandon his palace, and that they were required to seize on all his estate, real and personal. They went to the extent of their warrant. " not leaving so much as a dozen of trenchers, or his children's pictures, out of their curious inventory." But before the time fixed for the public sale of his goods arrived, a pious lady, unknown to the Bishop, redeemed his furniture. until he should be able to repurchase it: and a benevolent divine of his diocese rendered an additional service, by paying the estimated value of his library. Being now deprived of every source of income, he applied to the

committee on sequestrations for the annuity granted by Parliament; but he was told that an order had come down inhibiting any such allowance. In answer, however, to a petition from his wife, a smaller yearly payment was assigned to her; though, by a most unrighteous exaction, out of this scanty fund the Bishop had to defray assessments and monthly payments for lands which were no longer his. At last, after his endurance had been sorely tried, by witnessing the defacing of his cathedral, and the demolition of its splendid organ, he was ejected from the palace, which his straitened means rendered no longer a suitable habitation. A generous neighbour relinquished his house for the accommodation of the Bishop and his family,

where he only remained till he procured the lease of a small property at Higham, in the neighbourhood of Norwich.

Of his subsequent life, spent in retirement and without molestation, we know little; but that little is enough to prove that its latter end was worthy of its beginning. He continued to preach until his infirmities and legal prohibitions had disabled him. Then " as oft and long as he was able, this learned Gamaliel was not only content, but very diligent to sit at the feet of the youngest of his disciples, as diligent a hearer as he had been a preacher." After the death of Charles I, he continued to observe with his family a weekly fast because of it. Though his fortune was so greatly reduced, a number of poor widows were his

weekly pensioners. In 1652 he lost his wife, and then he wrote a tract. almost his last, entitled, "Songs in the Night." From this interesting memorial we see how this grey-headed saint went down to his grave "sorrowing yet rejoicing." "Have I lost my goods and foregone a fair estate? Had all the earth been mine, what is it to heaven? Had I been the lord of all the world, what were this to a kingdom of glory?

"Have I parted with a dear consort; the sweet companion of my youth; the tender nurse of my age; the partner of my sorrows for these forty-eight years? She is but stept a little before me to that happy rest, which I am panting towards, and wherein I shall speedily overtake her. In the meantime and ever, my soul is espoused to that glorious and immortal Husband from whom it shall never be parted.

"Am I bereaved of some of my dear children, the sweet pledges of our matrimonial love; whose parts and hopes promised me comfort in my declined age? Why am I not rather thankful it hath pleased my God, out of my loins, to furnish heaven with some happy guests? Why do I not, instead of mourning for their loss, sing praises to God for preferring them to that eternal blessedness?

" Am I afflicted with bodily pains and sickness, which banish all sleep from my eyes, and exercise me with a

lingering torture? Ere long this momentary distemper shall end in an everlasting rest."

And so it was; for though his painful malady was prolonged for four years more, they will appear but a " moment" now. The grace which enabled him to overcome at last, strengthened him to bear throughout. One who saw has recorded, that "though sorely afflicted with bodily diseases, he bore them all with as much patience as hath been seen in any flesh, except that of the Saviour." And when his time drew near, many of the noble, and learned, and pious, gathered to his chamber to implore his dying prayers, and bear away his dying benediction. After much time spent in devotion, and many words of gracious exhortation, he summoned the expiring energies of nature to make the last confession of his faith; and when so engaged, his strength departed, the agonies of death came over him, and then he fell asleep. He died on the 8th of September 1656, when he had reached his 82d year.

His will assigned the churchyard as his burying place; adding as his reason, "I do not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints." He bequeathed £30 to each widow in the village where he was born, and in that where he died.

Here our sketch should have ended.

But on looking back, we feel conscious of an involuntary injury to the memory of this great man, in having presented, even with his own assistance, a view of his character so exclusively external. We are aware that publications, parochial and diocesan cares, the business of the nation, the defence of orthodoxy, journeys of observation or of diplomacy — in short, that the whole busy work of existence formed but in part the life of Bishop Hall. His was eminently a life of contemplation.

He fell upon a time when the Church of England contained many men whose genius and piety would have immortalized and sainted them in an earlier age. With a theology less accurate and a devotion less enlightened than signalized their puritan successors, and with a piety less strenuous and sanguine than that which poured in animation through the stern and athletic orthodoxy of our covenanting fathers, a jealous sincerity, a serene quietism, and an unflinching self-denial, were the commanding characteristics of their religion, which made it awful and inteesting to others, and safe for themselves. It wanted in the activity of life and the diffusiveness of Christi anity. It was introverted, not aggressive. It mused and soliloquized. was monastic, and dwelt alone. was more amiable in its forbearance, than meritorious for its services. In its narrow channel it flowed deep, but it seldom overflowed.

The idolatry of one party has injured them with another; but the day is coming that will restore to each his own. In its first outburst, the noise of faction will overwhelm the voice of piety, still and small, but it cannot last so long. And now that the rancour of raging polemics is settling down into forgetfulness, the memorial and the works of these excellent of the earth are reviving, and posterity, more just to them than they were to themselves, is admitting the claims of either party to attributes of worth which they could not discern in one another.

For ourselves, with leanings all away from prelacy, we would commemorate with as much alacrity as we have felt delight in contemplating the singular devotion and exalted genius which distinguished many a high churchman of the first Charles's reign - the exemplars of an age only moving regret by the contrasted littleness of our own. To specify all the instances would not be easy; and it is hard to select a few. But there was GEORGE HERBERT, the gentle, the elegant - majestically humble, gravely gay - as antithetic in his character as in his own quaint poesy-passing no week without music. and no day without showing mercyconverting life into one Sabbath, and fulfilling his invocation to that sacred day, when it and he "flew hand in hand to heaven." JEREMY TAYLOR, too, soaring in ether with a load of learning which would have kept another grovelling, and from pinions wet with Cas-

talian dew shedding freshness on the arid waste of controversy - now casting a look of hope to the ancient models, anon dashed by the contemplation of his own ideal - beside the waters of Lough Neagh, musing on the mysterious tower of its romantic island, and its more mysterious antiquity, till his "thoughts wandered through eternity;" or amid the ruins of its monastery listening for the reviving echoes of its wonted orisons, until his dreaming fancy beheld in the evening light of autumn its tapers rekindled, and in the falling shadows marshalled anew the sacerdotal procession - an imagination revelling in all the picturesque and sublime of religion, and a heart responding with harmonious impulse to its loftiest re-

quirements. There was Nicholas FERRAR-the Church-of-England-man -closing his eyes on propitious fortune and radiant beauty, and that nothing earthly might distract his gaze, and no rest short of heaven allure his sense, immured in a protestant convent - meting to himself scanty slumbers on the hard pillow of an anchoret - with his goods feeding all the needy except himself, and indulging no luxury save the midnight music of the choristers whom he retained to "praise God nightly" in the oratory of Little Gidding. And HENRY HAMMOND. economizing his time by the abundance of his prayers, and increasing his wealth by the wise munificence of his charities -living for his friends, reducing kindness to a law, and welcoming the interruption which called for its exercise—amidst bodily sufferings producing works of research and judgment, demanding but sufficient to destroy the most vigorous health—"omne jam tulerat punctum, cùm Mors, quasi suum adjiciens calculum, terris abstulit." Among these and many more,* almost as ascetic in his life, but above them all in the largeness of his views and the soundness of his creed, we recognise the gifted author of the "Contemplations."

Of his voluminous writings a comparative estimate has long ago been

^{*} See Walton's Life of Herbert — Heber's Life of Taylor — Peckard's Life of Ferrar — and Fell's Life of Hammond. For others of the same period, the reader is referred to Lloyd's Memoirs, Walton's Lives, and Dr. C. Wordsworth's interesting collection of Ecclesiastical Biography.

formed by the pithy author of England's Worthies. "Not unhappy at Controversies, more happy at Comments, very good in his Characters, better in his Sermons, best of all in his Meditations." Fuller is nearly right in his gradation; but we would transpose the Comments to the place which he has assigned to the Controversies; and as to the Characters and Meditations, we scarcely know which to prefer.

A popular controversy is an eligible investment for those who are anxious that their moderate talents should bring them a large rather than a lasting revenue of fame. Whilst the strife is hottest, he must be a despicable auxiliary whom neither side will accept as a champion and applaud as a hero.

But when the war is ended, there is no retiring allowance for the disbanded volunteers. The controversy expires, and the reputations which it created soon follow those others which it destroyed. But there are exceptions. There are controversies, in themselves insignificant, which have been immortalized by the parties whom they called into action. There are controversial writings which are the epitaphs of the of the subjects on which they treat The subject is buried with the age which gave it birth; but its memory is perpetuated by some rare disputant, whose wit or sense or eloquence has that vitality which will not perish lightly. The topics on which Hall exhausted his erudition and ingenuity have many of them gone into a happy oblivion; yet such is the amount of genius and learning which these works display, that in order to revive their popularity we have only to destroy the other writings of their author. In their tone and spirit they exemplify the rules laid down in the excellent treatise on Christian Moderation, when he says, " It is not for Christians to be like unto thistles or teazles, which a man cannot touch without pinching his fingers; but rather to Pilosella, in our Herbal, which is soft and silken in the handling, although, if it be hard-strained, it yields a juice that can harden metals to cut iron." Perhaps the pacific temper which made him so amiable as a man, rendered him less eminent as a controversialist. With the secret misgivings of one who

trode forbidden ground, he dealt his blows irresolutely: and in the literary gymnastics of his day, it was reckoned feeble execution to annihilate an argument without demolishing the author also. The tract entitled, "The Revelation unrevealed," is interesting from its connection with a subject which lately agitated the British Churches. It would have been well for the world had the course of Bishop Hall been more frequently pursued, who was better pleased to inculcate caution on more fearless and sanguine investigators, than to increase the uncertainty by conjectures of his own. The event has justified his wisdom; and whatever may be thought of his arguments-and some of them still wait for a refutation - the modern advocates

of a personal reign might be admonished by the failures of their equally confident predecessors. The author whom Bishop Hall refuted, had fixed the year 1656 for the conversion of the Jews, 1666 for the end of the papacy. and 1700 for the raising of the dead and the beginning of Christ's earthly kingdom. " How many have I heard joyfully professing their hopes of an imminent share in that happy kingdom: yea, some have gone so far as already to date their letters from New Jerusalem, and to subscribe themselves glorified." Our author showed his forbearance by suspending his judgment till the event should decide for him, and did a service to the cause of prophetic scripture, by showing that its veracity was not involved in any of these rash

predictions. Far, however, from impugning the motives or questioning the piety of his opponents, he only asks for leave to entertain his own opinion in peace. "What prejudice is it to me, if the souls of martyrs get the start of me in resuming their bodies a thousand years before me, if in the meanwhile my soul be at rest in a paradise of bliss? And what can it import any man's salvation to determine whether the saints reign with Christ on earth or in heaven, while I know that in either they are happy?"

"The Christian," "The Characters of Virtue and Vice," and those other works where the peculiarities of human nature form the subject of investigation, have always appeared to us among the most successful efforts of

their author's genius. His characters are sketched with a graphic precision worthy of Theophrastus, and with the same felicitous regard to the minute traits which define the species, and to that general habit which describes it; whilst in the greater elevation of his standard and more practical tendency of his strictures, as well as in the racv strength of his language, he excels his Aristotelian model. Nor does he even want the occasional humour of the more ancient author. These characters, along with some other specimens in the "Holy State" of Bishop Hall's contemporary, Thomas Fuller, are the early anticipations of a literature which the essayists of the succeeding century carried to a pitch of unrivalled perfection: but the reader who has the most

extended acquaintance with these, will return with admiration to the originals of Hall and Fuller, in whose "English undefiled" he will find much wisdom combined with as much knowledge, —that

knowledge which dwells In heads replete with thoughts of other men, Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

But we gladly proceed to notice works which, as they employed the best moments of their author, still live to "praise him in the gate."

The "art of heavenly meditation," was that which he had chiefly studied. Even among his contemporaries, there were few who combined such density of expression with such amplitude of thought—few who had studied the Fathers so diligently, and who could command them so readily—few who

had drunk so deeply the classic inspiration—few who had entered into the meaning of Scripture, with the same spirit of quick apprehension and thorough appreciation—and fewer still who had learned to dwell so much on high. The spirit that taught the prophets to speak, taught him to understand. In his company we feel that we are not attended by a perfunctory and hireling guide—but by one whose profession is his passion, whose familiarity with sacred things is reverential—whose insight is the result of love and long acquaintance.

He was a man of peace, and delighted in the retirement without which it is seldom enjoyed. "The court is for honour, the city for gain, the country

for quietness; a blessing that need not. in the judgment of the wisest, yield to the other two. Yea, how many have we known that having nothing but a coat of thatch to hide them from heaven, yet have pitied the careful pomp of the mighty? How much more may they who have full hands and quiet hearts pity them both?" "What a heaven," as he elsewhere exclaims, "lives a scholar in, that at once in one close room can daily converse with all the glorious martyrs and fathers! - that can single out at pleasure, either sententious Tertullian, or grave Cyprian, or learned Jerome, or flowing Chrysostom, or divine Ambrose, or devout Bernard, -or who alone is all these-heavenly Augustin, and talk with them, and hear their

wise and holy counsels, verdicts, resolutions: yea, to rise higher, with courtly Isaiah, with learned Paul, with all their fellow-prophets, apostles: yet more, like another Moses, with God himself!" In such retirement passed the chosen hours of our author, and refreshed by such converse he penned his devotional works.

To some of these allusion has been already made, and others of them are sufficiently known by frequent and accessible reprints. The most popular of his shorter treatises are, "Christ Mystical; or, The Blessed Union of Christ and his Members," and "The Balm of Gilead." The last supplies the best materials for judging of the author's mind and peculiar manner; but is not superior to many of his less

celebrated publications, "The Breathings of the Devout Soul," " The Great Mystery of Godliness," " The Soul's Farewell to Earth, and Approaches to Heaven," and above all, his Soliloquies and Meditations. In these and others we find an ardent piety, that must kindle the sympathetic flame in every heart of like experience, and may provoke to greater love and better works. those who are conscious of their shortcoming. They are filled with affecting thoughts of an unseen Saviour, of his love in dying, and now in reigning, delighted contemplations on the works which his fingers framed - gratitude for mercies, especially those most important but least remembered blessings, negative mercies, - stirring admonitions on the shortness of the time.

and the magnitude of a believer's work - on the vanity of life, the approaches of death, and the joyful recognitions and endearing fellowship of the world unseen - incitements to moderation and self-denial, to cheerfulness, to peace and charity - holy resolutions and faithful communings with himself. Connected with the history of his life, no works better illustrate that "mo tive yet quieting principle in religion, which alone delivers a man from perturbation in the world and inanity in retirement."* By the strength "which he daily fetched from heaven, men's threatenings became no terror, nor the honours of this world any strong enticement: temptations became more harmless, as having lost their strength;

^{*} Hannah More.

and afflictions less grievous, as having lost their sting; and every mercy became better known, and better relished."*

But there is a work still better known, and combining many of these excellencies with some peculiar to itself, "Contemplations on the Historical passages of the Old and New Testaments." Their value does not consist alone nor chiefly in the acute expositions of Scripture incidentally introduced—in the descriptive vivacity which paints the Bible scenes to the eye of fancy, or enacts its history anew—in the apothegmatical naïvetè, which deals out so calmly yet so pointedly the eager observations of a penetra-

^{*} Baxter.

ting eye, on the various wisdom and folly, virtues and vices, with which a long life had made him familiar. Nor is it only in the ardent enforcement of Christian duty, and eloquent statement of Christian privilege, that this book bespeaks the attention of the serious reader. It presents in one view the Bible, and a mind rich in feeling and accomplishments, lovingly exploring and reverently interpreting the Bible; nay, as it were, fraternizing and amalgamating with it. These Contemplations will not be read with advantage by one who peruses them as a common book, as hastily and as unconcerned; nor will they be read aright without adverting continually to the peculiar mode of their execution, to their author and their end. In the former particular, they closely resemble the Confessions of his favourite Augustin, consisting of reflections and ejaculations, so mingled as to blend devotion with instruction. The author. whom we have already attempted to pourtray, recurs to our imagination as the gentle, self-denied, and benignant parish priest, whom his neighbours met and eyed reverentially as he took his stated evening walk, cheerful at times, but oftener pensive, in the fields near Waltham parsonage - a man of that calm resolution and ardent faith. which could at any warning have followed the Saviour whom he loved to prison and to death, and whose aspirations often soared so high as to forget the Meshech where he sojourned. And the end will be answered, if we who

read them, learn for ourselves to live the same divine life, and acquire the same skill in heavenly meditation an art little esteemed and less practised in an age which would not be too busy if it thought as much as it toils.

More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gale
From fields where good men walk, or bowers
wherein they rest.'
WORDSWORTH.

THE END.

